



THE CAMBERWELL HIGH SCHOOL

School Speech Night

ST. KILDA TOWN HALL

Monday, 25th November, 1957, at 8 o'clock

Head Master: A. T. EBBELS, B.A., Dip.Ed.

District Inspector: J. T. HOLMES, B.A., Dip.Ed.

Members of Advisory Council:

Cr. R. C. COOPER (President).

PROFESSOR F. DURAS (Vice-President).

Mr. J. G. BEANLAND, Mr. A. G. BREWER, Mr. B. M. CURRY,
Mr. H. P. HEAD, Mr. M. G. LEVY, Rev. C. E. MARTIN, Mr. J. B.
MOORE, Mr. R. T. M. PESCOTT, Mrs. I. A. ROBINSON,

Cr. M. W. YUNGHANNS.

Programme

NATIONAL ANTHEM

MASSED SINGING—Go, Heart! Dorian le Gallienne

THE PRESIDENT of the School Advisory Council—

Cr. R. C. COOPER, I.P.

HEADMASTER'S REPORT

PHYSICAL EDUCATION DEMONSTRATION

(a) Girls: Folk Dances

Sicilian Fisherfolk (Form 3)	National
Three Blind Mice (Form 1)	Character
Witches (Form 2)	Character

(b) Boys: Gymnastics—Tumbling and Apparatus Work.

MADRIGAL SINGERS

Mixed: Flora Gave Me Fairest Flowers (5 Part) . . . John Willbye
Girls: Come Again Sweet Love (4 Part) John Dowland
Mixed: What Perfume This? Old French Carol arr. Samuel Liddell

GUEST SPEAKER—A. McDONELL Esq., B.A., B.Sc., B.Ed.,
Chief Inspector of Secondary Schools

SENIOR CHOIRS—

Girls: Keep, O My Spirit .. from "The Christmas Oratorio", J. S. Bach
Mixed: Since First I Saw Your Face Thomas Ford
Mixed: Beyond the Spanish Main Armstrong Gibbs

PRESENTATION OF PRIZES AND AWARDS

MASSED SINGING—Folksongs

SCHOOL SONG—Words. Quarles

Programme

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PRESENTATION OF PRIZES AND AWARDS

MASSED SINGING—Folksongs

At the Gate of Heaven	Spanish Lullaby
Deep River	Negro Spiritual
Peat Fire Flame	Hebridean

SCHOOL SONG—Words Overleaf

WORDS FOR MASSED SINGING

THE PEAT-FIRE FLAME

Words by Kenneth Macleod. Music arranged by Kennedy Fraser.

Far away and o'er the moor (Nalla),
Far away and o'er the moor,
Morar waits for a boat that saileth
Far away, down Lowland way,
I dream the dream I learned lad.
By the light o' the peat-fire flame,
Light for love, for lilt o' grail-deeds,
By the light o' the peat-fire flame,
The light the hill-folk yearn for.

Far away, down Lowland way (Nalla),
Far away, down Lowland way,
Grim's the toil, without tune or dream, lad,
All you need's a creel and love
For the dream the heart can weave, lad.
By the light o' the peat-fire flame
Light for love, for lilt, for laughter,
By the light o' the peat-fire flame,
The light the hill-folk yearn for.

Far away and o'er the moor (Nalla),
Far away the tramp and tread,
Tune and laughter of all the heroes
Pulls me onward o'er the trail
Of the dream my heart may weave, lad.
By the light o' the peat-fire flame,
Light for love, for lilt, for laughter, o' grail deeds.
By the light o' the peat-fire flame,
The light the hill-folk yearn for.

GO HEART

Music by Dorian le Gallienne.

Go, Heart, unto the Lamp of Light,
Go, Heart, do service and honour,
Go, Heart, and serve Him day and night,
Go, Heart unto Thy Saviour.

Go, Heart, to thy only remedy,
Descending from the heavenly tower,
Thee to deliver from pain and death,
Go, Heart, unto thy Saviour.

(P.T.O.)

Go, Heart, with true and whole intent
To Christ, thy help and whole succour,
Thee to redeem He was all rent;
Go, Heart, unto thy Saviour.

To Christ, that rose from death to life,
Go, Heart, unto my latter hour,
Whose great mercy can none describe,
Whose great mercy can none describe.

Go, Heart, unto thy Saviour,
Go, Heart, unto thy Saviour,
Go, Heart.

(Written for the Victorian School Music Association Festival.)

AT THE GATE OF HEAVEN

Girls.

(Spanish)

At the gate of heaven little shoes they are selling
For the little barefooted angels there dwelling.

Chorus:

Slumber my baby, slumber my baby,
Slumber my baby, arru, arru.
God will bless the children so peacefully sleeping,
God will help the mothers whose love they are keeping.

DEEP RIVER

Boys.

Negro Spiritual.

Deep river,
My home is over Jordan,
Deep river;
Lord, I want to cross over into camp ground;
Oh when I get to heaven I'll walk all about;
There's nobody there for to turn me out.

SCHOOL OF OUR YOUTH

1950

Words: B. M. H. Egan. Music: C. L. Hallett.

School of our youth, to thee we give our heart,
Through thee we strive to play a worthy part.
Give us the strength to follow truth and right,
And ever guide our thoughts towards the light.

Through thee we learn the game exceeds the prize.
Let us not yield till the foe is faint and flies
And, in the hour when victory is won,
May we in charity forgive wrongs done.

When we look back at close of Life's long day,
May we feel proud that we chose the nobler way.
With courage and faith to always strive for right,
School of our youth, be still our source of might.

Disco consulere aliis*.

*We seek to serve others.